

# THE DAILY BULLETIN SUPPLEMENT.

HONOLULU, H. I., MONDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1883.

## NOTE FROM POOR MAN'S BEND.

Yes, Jim, I got your letter, and I answered it, old friend:  
I see you ain't forgot the boys back here on Poor Man's Bend.  
I didn't know but "strikin' it" might change my old-time pard,  
But I think you've got the kind of grit that changes mighty hard.  
I'd like to come and see you, boy, I often think of you;  
But Western manners in the East, I size it up wot do.  
For forty years and over I've handled pick and pa.  
And though I've got the lucre, boy, that doesn't make the man.  
I remember well the days we spent up here in Idaho,  
A-washin' out the two-cent dirt when grub was getting low.  
Do you recollect the Injun fight up on the Lightning Bar?  
How you and Joe were just in time to save the old man's ha?  
Someday talk of owing me a debt you cannot pay:  
What's mine is yours, remember it—that's all I need to say.  
It's true, I picked you up a cub, as green as grass in spring;  
But you had a look about you, lad, which showed the proper thing;  
And when I doubled up with you and stood half the camp,  
I knew we had our fortunes made in old "Aladdin's Lamp."  
You see that Eastern manners, when you get out in the west,  
Are not the sort of manners which the miners like the best;  
And you had not been hardened, and was kind of pale and slim.  
And didn't like to have them shoot, so they called you "Tender Jim."  
But when they jumped the "Aladdin's Lamp," my boy, you were on hand,  
And showed that "Frisco" company the way to swallow sand.  
The boys all thought you'd weaken before the row begun—  
But I tell you, pard, you assayed their way up to the top;  
And I say it was a bower, the first card that you led,  
When their captain tumbled down the shaft, a bullet through his head.  
It is true that Jack and I filled in, in a quiet sort of way,  
But we both had been there before, from "blossom" to "pay."  
So out the obligation biz, you got but your just due;  
For what you worked and fought for, lad, must well be long to you.  
Four hundred thousand dollars! whew! it takes my breath away.  
After forty years of mining, at last to strike the "pay."  
Alas! too late (excuse this blot, my old eyes fill with tears)—  
Without a kith or kin on earth to sooth my waning years.  
'Tis different, boy, with you, for now your life is in its prime,  
While my last years have come to me—mine is the harvest time.  
I can't say I regret the past; I have been happy, too;  
My rifle and my pick have been what home must be to you.  
So if you just excuse me, I believe I'll stay out West;  
For old associates here I know will suit me best.  
And if you strike financial straits while climbing up life's hill,  
Just show your hand and take the pile of yours, "Red-Rock Bill."  
—[Rocky Mountain Sun.]

## THE ART OF TEA BLENDING.

The Melbourne (Australia) *Leader* gives the following review of a book on the above subject which will, we think, be interesting to our readers: The publication named is a little manual which tea merchants, brokers and dealers will find most useful as a guide in the art of successful tea mixing. There are works not a few which treat of the history, growth, manufacture and chemistry of tea, but a handbook such as this, containing a clear and concise account of the various kinds of tea which come into the market, and disclosing the secrets of successful blending, is a desideratum now for the first time supplied by this little handbook for the tea trade. The present is a colonial edition, and is issued by Mr. George Robertson, with the consent of the London publishers—Messrs. W. B. Whittingham and Co. A few remarks by Mr. J. O. Moody serve to introduce the work and to indicate its character. The opening chapter is on the art of tea blending, and although it is of course primarily designed for the guidance of the grocer and blender, yet it contains remarks by which consumers

generally may profit. The remark, for instance, as to the aptitude of tea to absorb flavors is one the public need to be reminded of. "Tea," we are told, "possesses a natural aptitude to become impregnated with the flavor of any product near which it is placed, or to absorb to itself any aroma by which it may be surrounded. It is within the memory of most tea trade men that a whole cargo was flavored by wine; and quite lately a large quantity of new make tea was spoiled through being stowed near molasses. Even in so short a steamer voyage as the passing from one part of our island to another teas have completely altered their character through being placed near oranges, &c; therefore it becomes a point of great moment not to stow teas too near any produce that emits a strong aroma." Directions in regard to the brewing of tea are common enough, but on reading the directions given in this chapter we find that we have something yet to learn on the subject. "It may seem strange to be talking thus about a subject which each and all seem to think they understand; but there is no doubt that almost as much dissatisfaction is caused from tea being carelessly brewed as from the use of inferior teas, and retailers would do well to impress upon their customers the following facts:—First, that the water used should be as soft and pure as can be obtained. Second, that the water should be boiled as quickly as possible, and used at boiling point; it must boil, but it must not overboil, for should it be allowed to simmer even for a few minutes it will not extract the full flavor from the leaves. Tea tasters are most particular in this respect; they have their kettles watched, so that the water may be used the instant it boils; and if any water is left in the kettle it is turned away, for the effect of using water that has been boiled a second time is the same as that of water which has been allowed to overboil. Should some junior, from carelessness or want of knowledge, use water that has been overboiled, or that has been boiled a second time, the taste will detect it at a glance, all the infusions being thin, and the whole batch having a peculiar appearance which is termed "unhealthy." How often is all this entirely overlooked, and the water in the kettle allowed to boil all the afternoon, and when the tea is brewed (no matter how fine it may be—the finer it is the more it suffers) it altogether fails to please; and small wonder, for instead of the lively aromatic flavor being reproduced in the teacup, a large proportion of it is lost, and the beverage is neither so palatable nor so refreshing as it would otherwise be. Third, all that portion of the tea that can be dissolved is extracted before the expiration of ten minutes; five or six minutes is generally sufficient. The infusion is then at its best; from that time it gradually loses part of its flavor, and, if allowed to stew for half an hour or an hour, it becomes dull and mawkish." Three or four chapters which follow are devoted to the principal varieties of tea, being mainly descriptive of the color of their leaf and their liquor qualities. Next we have a chapter or two giving a description of India, Ceylon, Java, and Japan teas. The whole concludes with the exhibition of some specimen mixtures. In these only three or four teas are suggested for each blend, because, as the author observes, "complicated combinations should not be attempted until the blender has obtained that practical knowledge which can only be obtained from the teachings of experience."

The deacon's son was telling the minister about the bees stingin' his pa, and the minister inquired: "Sung your pa, did they? Well, what did you say?" "Step th's way a mome", said the boy, "I'd rather wif per'it to you."

"Lil' le gal, do you know w'at horse it is?" asked a solemn looking old man of a bright child seated on a bench near a pond. "Yes, sir, 't's God's hat he ain't in," he added as the old gentleman was about to walk up the steps, "and his age's gone to Europe."

## SCIENTIFIC.

If comets in our northern hemisphere had been marketable articles, they would have been quoted at a low valuation lately, for they have been a nuisance rather than otherwise. Two are visible just now, one being the brightest and largest which has appeared for 20 years past. But its demands on our attention are most preposterous, involving nothing less than getting up a little before 5 in the morning if we wish to see it! Of course that is nothing to an astronomer, but for laymen, why, one remembers the advice Sheridan is said to have given his son on his wanting to go down a coal mine, "just to say he had been down!" "Can't you say so without going down?" However, this comet cannot complain of lack of attention. No other comet that I am aware of ever had an emperor for its observer. But the Emperor of Brazil has telegraphed the results of his own observations upon it to the Paris Academy of Sciences. You will see this celestial visitor in your southern skies even better than we behold it, for the Emperor of Brazil saw it in the daytime, and it was also seen in India. Sodium and carbon have both been detected in its spectrum. The most remarkable note on the comet comes from Mr. David Gill, at the Cape of Good Hope, who was watching its transit across the sun's disc, but so brilliant was it that it was invisible. In other words, its light could not be distinguished from that of the sun.

"Dr. Lancaster, what on earth are you doing?" said a *Whig* reporter to the physician at the city Alms House yesterday, as that gentleman was found administering a big dose of chloroform to an old barn-yard rooster in the hospital dispensary.

"Why, sir, this is the rooster season, and I am going to show that both politicians and roosters without heads can live in this free country," and he went to work carefully with his fine instruments and took off the bird's head just above the ears, and cautiously gathered up the muscles, arteries and veins, and applied chemicals to prevent the flow of blood. Into the neck of the biped he placed a glass tube—a channel through which to introduce food into the craw—and then put the bird into a box covered with cloth, with a hole in the centre for the headless neck to go through.

"In a few hours," the doctor said, "this chicken will walk around with steady step a brainless agent without sight, thought or feeling."

And sure enough, the doctor was right. At 5 p. m. the chancier was walking about the floor of the dispensary with no care as to the result of the election or as to where or when he would get the next meal.

The Zinkitz Zee, in Carniola, is remarkable for the periodical disappearances of the water every Summer, subterranean passages serving as the channels of escape. A rapidly-ripening crop of grass and some quick-growing vegetables are gathered during the Autumn from the dry bed of the lake by the neighboring peasants. A letter from Laybach reports a singular accident of which this place was the theatre. A peasant woman and her daughter were being conveyed in a cart across the bed of the lake, which was still covered with water in some places. Suddenly the cart and its occupants were precipitated into a chasm, through which the water was being swallowed down in a great vortex, and which had not been noticed till too late. With great difficulty the woman was rescued, but the child and cart were sucked down into the abyss below.

At the banquet given in honor of the Agent General of Victoria at the Crystal Palace, near that gentleman sat a clever Irishwoman. "Mr. Smith," said the lady, "you don't look happy." "No, Mrs., I am not. I am waiting to let off my speech; until I do that I can't enjoy myself." "I'll tell you a story," said the lady. "A friend of mine, Mrs. Macnamara, had a servant's festival, and plenty of visitors from England. Among other diversions a cricket match was improvised, and one man played in a long great-coat, the rest having stripped to the sports as befitted the heat of the day. One of the visitors inquired 'why the man insisted in keeping his coat on?' 'Bedad, sir,' said one of his friends, 'I'm thinking it's because he has no confidence in his shirt!' Now Mr. Smith, cheer up, and do have confidence in your shirt."

## MR. SPOOPENDYKE MAD.

"Say, my dear!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, as he dashed into the room and fell into a chair, "did you know that that section of a stove pipe, with bandy legs and a Presbyterian steeple nose, had published a book about you and me?"

"No!," exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You don't tell me! Is it anything like Napoleon Bonaparte crossing the Alps?"

"No, it ain't anything like Napoleon Bonaparte crossing the Alps!" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "And it ain't anything like Julius Hannibal crossing the Hellespont! Nor it ain't anything about Queen Victoria! It's about you and me, I tell you! It's all about our private life, and the idiot always represents me as going to bed mad!"

"I don't think that there's anything in our private life to be ashamed of," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and as to your going to bed mad you generally do, don't you, dear?"

"What if I do?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke.

"Suppose I want to go to bed on every news stand in the country and ne up in cheap binding and bad type? Think I want posters out on the fences, 'Spoopendyke going to bed mad, in paper 25 cents; Spoopendyke going to bed mad, with additions and preface by the author, price 50 cents; Spoopendyke going to bed mad, bound in cloth with beveled edges; children cry for it and doctors recommend it, price \$12. Got an idea that I want to go to bed mad in twenty-four editions, with a row with a news company, printers' bills unpaid and a paper manufacturer howling for his money? Wah-h-h!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "It's a book, I tell you! Cut on the edges, pasted on the back, covered on the outside and reading matter all over! Know what a book is? The only difference between a book and your mouth is that the book shuts up once in a while! Who gave him the facts!" and Mr. Spoopendyke leaned back in his chair and frothed at the mouth.

"What does the man say in his book?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"He don't say anything! He don't get a chance! You do all the talking like you do at home! O, you're a great woman now! It's Mrs. Spoopendyke this, and Mrs. Spoopendyke that, and Mrs. Spoopendyke around the corner, and Mrs. Spoopendyke over the fence. Shakespeare's no here! You are the leading literary character of the day. Who gave him the facts? Who purveyed the information? Who told him you were an idiot that only needed a wash bill and a brother-in-law to be a Guiteau trial?"

"I don't quite know what you mean," faltered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I know about the Guiteau trial and I hope Mr. Horter will win it. But I don't know anything about being literary, and as for Shakespeare, I he is almost as abstruse as the Board of Education."

"What I want to know is, who gave him the facts!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke. "Who gave this ten cent author with a five acre reputation the facts? How'd he ever find out that you didn't know any more about keeping a bank account?"

"I'm sure I don't know, dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke soothingly. "Maybe he is only a newspaper man who publishes facts first and then trusts to luck to find them out afterward. What does he say about me?"

"Say about you!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke. "He don't say enough! He only leaves the impression that a diamond drill, a steam engine, fair weather and low wages might make an impression on your skull! Do you appreciate the enormity of the situation? Do you reach out and grasp, comprehensively, the unalterable fact that your market value is twenty-five cents in paper and \$1 in cloth? Can you absorb the idea that in illustrating your red, white and blue virtues he has dragged me into his book, so as to give character to it?"

"Does he mention you, too?" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, with an air of indignation.

Mr. Spoopendyke rose to his feet. Slowly he divested himself of his clothing and slammed the various articles on the floor, keeping his eye fixed on his trembling wife.

"Mrs. Spoopendyke," said he, as he pranced into bed, "be kind enough to regard me as the cheap edition. The honor of cloth, with beveled edges, gold letters on cover and the name spelled wrong belongs to you. With that and your literary attainments, combined with your disposition to reflect discredit on an insane

jackass, you only need your corners turned down, your back torn off to be a circulating library!" With which profound illustration of his contempt for the situation, Mr. Spoopendyke drew his pillow over his head and kicked vigorously.

"I don't care," thought Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she ran a gathering string through the neck of the baby's new wrapper; "if the man says that Mr. Spoopendyke goes to bed mad every night he tells the truth, and if he does that I don't care what he says about me."

And Mrs. Spoopendyke crawled in on her side of the couch and then flopped out again to see if the man under the bed had not by some possibility got into the match safe and pulled the cover over himself.—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

## THEATRE-GOERS.

The question which is asked by theatre-goers, lost in astonishment at the advance which "sensation" has made, is, will it last and keep possession of the stage for a few years? It hardly seems probable that it can, as the appetite for this kind of thing must not be fed on the old meats; that all dramatists thoroughly well understand; something new must be given, and something more highly spiced; but is this possible? Has not every horror and every bit of realism been seized hold of by the blood-and-thunder writers? If we travel as far as the Standard, in Shoreditch, we shall see a few original sensations in the new piece by Mr. James Welling, called *The Ruling Passion*. One of the sensations to be seen is the filling of a real balloon on the stage—it actually rises of itself. Gas is not used, but heated air; and the difficulty was at first to get it to escape quickly, as the balloon has to collapse and let the heroine fall into the sea. The hot air would not rush out at the bottom of the balloon, and it was therefore necessary to contrive a mechanical opening at the top. This is effected, and the balloon is empty in less than a minute. In this balloon voyage all the horrors of a sudden descent into the sea and peril of drowning are to be realised, similar to what took place in the Channel some few years ago, when a Frenchman and his wife nearly lost their lives. In this piece there is also a stream of water tilted as real rain. There is a new piece about to be introduced at the Adelphi, in which there is to be a real coal-mine explosion and a blow-up. Whatever are we coming to in these days of dramatic sensationalism?

## DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

In the Laramie *Boomerang*, Bill Nye gives the following as the true history of Damon and Pythias were named after a popular secret organization because they were so solid on each other. They thought more of each other than anybody. They borrowed chewing tobacco, and were always social and pleasant. They slept together and unitedly "stood off" the landlady from month to month in the most cheerful and harmonious manner. If Pythias snored in the night like the blast of a fog horn, Damon did not get mad and kick him in the stomach as some would have done. He gently but firmly took him by the nose and lifted him up and down to the merry rhythm of "The Babies in Our Crock." They loved each other in season and out of season. Their affection was like the soft bloom on the nose of a Wyoming legislator. It never grew pale or wilted. It was always there. If Damon was at the bat Pythias was on deck. If Damon went to church and invited starvation, Pythias would go, too, and would vote on the handsomest baby until the First National bank of Syracuse would refuse to honor his checks. But one day Damon got too much Budge and told the venerable and colossal old royal hummer of Syracuse, Dionysius what he thought of him. Then Dionysius, told the chief engineer of the sausage grinder to turn on steam and prepare for business. But Damon thought of Pythias, and how Pythias hadn't so much to live for as he had, and he made a compromise by offering to put Pythias in soak while the only genuine Damon went to see his girl, who lived in Albany. Three days were given him to get around and redeem Pythias, and if he failed his friend would go to protest.

We will now suppose three days to have elapsed since the proceeding. A large party of enthusiastic citizens of Syracuse gathered around